
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1822.

MISS PATON.

MISS PATON was born at Edinburgh, in October, 1802. Her father, who is a person of distinguished professional eminence, and much devoted to the fine arts, discovered in his daughter, even when a babe, the most singular musical talent. When only two years old, she could name any tone or semitone on hearing it sounded; which was frequently ascertained by musical professors at the time. This was first discovered in a curious way, by her calling out to her mother in the night, when the watchman called the hour, "that is B flat," which was immediately found to be true. When four years of age, she played the piano-forte and a small harp, and also sang not only with some execution, but with a sort of style peculiar to herself. Before her fifth year, she extemporised with surprising ability on the piano-forte, and published some fantasias and rondos entirely of her own composition, transacted the business of the publication, and carried on a correspondence not only with the printer, but with a lady of distinction at some distance, who patronized the work; viz. Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleugh.

Miss Paton had all along discovered a talent for recitation equal to that for music; and due attention was paid to the former as well the latter. Accordingly when eight years of age, she gave six public concerts in Edinburgh in one season, where she played the piano-forte and harp, sang, and recited Alexander's Feast, Collin's Ode to the Passions, and other principal pieces. Her performances in those various departments were so remarkable, as to procure fashionable and overflowing audiences on every occasion.

When Miss Paton was about nine years and a half old, her father was induced, by promises of powerful patronage, both in his own profession and that of his daughter, from several of the Scotch nobility, and particularly her Grace the late Duchess of Gordon, to remove his family to London.

Miss Paton then performed at the concerts of the nobility, and had an annual public benefit, the last of which was attended by a numerous and brilliant assembly, including Count Platoff, and other distinguished personages.

Here an interesting anecdote has been related. Miss Paton's grandmother, like herself, was born a musician; she lived in the village of Strathbogie, now called Huntly, in Aberdeenshire. She played the violin, and although never professional, her fame was so great, that the Duke of Cumberland, on his way to Culloden field, went, with some of his officers and musicians, to hear her. His Royal Highness and his company were so surprised and delighted with her performance, especially of Scotch airs, that he presented her with a superb scarf of silk tartan. This same scarf has been preserved almost unworn, for nearly a century, until another royal personage, viz. the Hetman Platoff, honored Miss Paton with a similar present of Indian manufacture: these testimonials of genius are occasionally worn by Miss Paton, and if we consider her father, who is also possessed of musical talents, as a link in the chain, an interesting connexion of events is presented to the contemplative mind.

After the above concert, Mr. Paton, with a degree of disinterestedness and parental feeling, perhaps, unprecedented in the history of such concerns, withdrew his daughter, then about eleven years of age, for nearly six years from public performance in the midst of rising success, in order to complete her education and establish her health. Having gained these objects, she has appeared for above two years at public and private concerts, universally admired, especially by the profession.

Public concerts have, of late, however, been monopolized by a few singers of established names, together with the pupils of such masters as could secure their success. There was, therefore, no place for a young independent performer, who, without a great name, could not overtop the former; and was led to hope for something not entirely below the latter, who, on their part, perhaps, did not wish to see her at all in their way. Towards the close of this last season,

she sang with Madame Catalani, both in Bath and London, and was fortunate in dividing equally the applause with that extraordinary singer. She was also in the most friendly manner, taken by the hand by Mr. Braham, with great success. Finding then, that a full and fair hearing by the public, in this as in other concerns, is the best way to obtain impartial justice, she was induced to consider proposals which had been made by the managers of all the principal theatres for several years, but which she had hitherto been averse to accept. Her success at the Haymarket is generally known. She made her *début* on Saturday, the 3d of August, in the character of Susanna, in the opera of Figaro. The critics declared that she was the real Susanna; and, because she sang "Bid me Discourse," that she was made only to sing light English ballads and "to trip upon the green." Now, when she sings Italian music, her style and even her smile is that of an Italian singer. Her acting is almost spontaneous, having had no instruction nor practice in dramatic performances for many years, previous to a few rehearsals at the Haymarket Theatre. When she has had time to accommodate her voice to the theatre, and to display her other acquirements highly important to her profession, she will, no doubt, rise still higher in public opinion. Her voice is of that round and rich quality which daily improves. It is easily observed that the more she draws it out the richer it appears, contrary to every other voice now heard by the public, and a little more practice may reasonably be expected to give it all the fluency, delicacy, and not improbably, the power exhibited by the greatest singers which have appeared.

We understand, that Miss Paton has accepted an engagement at Covent Garden, in the room of Miss Stephens, who is said to have removed to Drury Lane.

Some strange mistakes have appeared in the newspapers respecting Miss Paton, such as her having lost her parents, &c. &c. On the contrary, her father, to whom she is much indebted for her unequalled variety of acquirements, is at present in the full exercise of his duties as a professor of classical, mathematical, and commercial education, with the exception of such time as must necessarily be devoted to the arrangement of his daughter's important concerns; and her mother is a lady in the prime of life, and an ornament to the society in which she moves.

CROYLAND ABBEY ;**A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE."***(Continued from page 69.)*

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Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time
And sterner hand of man, have wrought its fall,
And laid its honors in the dust.

THE curiosity of Guthlac was strongly excited, and raising himself up on his arm, he followed her with enquiring eyes. Gunilda smiled. "Pega," said she, gently detaining her, "will you not stay to congratulate your cousin on his recovery, so assiduous as you have been in nursing him?" She turned round, and, covered with deep blushes, attempted to speak, but the words died on her lips, and with down-cast eyes she remained silent. Guthlac regarded her with manifest pleasure, and in eloquent terms expressed his gratitude to them both for their kindness. Pega had now seated herself beside her mother, but it was some minutes before she gained sufficient courage to look up, or to join in the conversation, which reverted almost entirely to the events of the late battle, though her ingenuous countenance clearly testified the interest she took in it. Delighted with the innocence of her manner, and flattered by the deep attention she paid to his narrative, Guthlac more particularly examined her appearance. She seemed to be little less than a year younger than himself, and in features strongly resembled her cousin; but though her complexion was almost of a dazzling brightness, her eyes and hair were even darker than his. She was unusually tall, but her figure gave indication of grace and dignity equal to his own. By degrees the natural reserve of her manner wore off, and the grave expression of her countenance yielded to a smile of uncommon animation and sweetness. A more experienced physiognomist than himself would have found it no difficult task to have traced a still greater resemblance in mind than in person, and notwithstanding the perfect composure of her beautiful features, he would have read in her finely arched fore-

head, penetrating eyes, and in the varying color of her cheek, high resolve, acute perception, and intense feeling.

After some time passed agreeably in cheerful and interesting conversation, Gunilda declared, that as she was her nephew's surgeon as well as nurse, it was necessary she should see how her cure proceeded. She accordingly unbound his arm, and having examined the wound, she received from Pega the necessary dressings. "Foolish girl!" said she, smiling, as she observed the faint color of her cheek, "do you suppose your cousin's wound is the worse for his being sensible of it? or perhaps you doubt his courage under suffering, although you cannot question it in danger?"

"Oh, no! my dear mother," returned Pega, the roses glowing with additional warmth at this remark, "I could have no excuse for thinking so unworthily of my cousin; but is it not natural to be more affected at the sight of a slight pain, which we are aware the sufferer is conscious of, than at a severer one from the effects of which he is defended by insensibility?"

"I admit the truth of your position," said Gunilda, "and admire your adroitness in clearing yourself from every imputation cast upon you; I must, however, confess, I have but an indifferent opinion of your resolution. What think you, Guthlac, does she give promise of playing the part of a heroine in the field of battle?"

"I should be grieved to see one so gentle exposed to such a scene," replied Guthlac; "but I feel assured my cousin would not be found more deficient in fortitude than in kindness, for does not one seem naturally to prompt the other? 'In a well regulated and virtuous mind,' would the best of men often say, 'to be useful is a paramount desire, and in the pursuit of such a gratification, every selfish consideration will be forgotten; under the most susceptible form, therefore, we may meet with the strongest proofs of heroism; and lovely indeed is the union; for gentleness without fortitude must ever degenerate into imbecility, and fortitude, unless it be tempered with gentleness, can only be considered insensibility, if not, indeed, brutality itself.'"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Pega, warmly, "is not my dear mother an instance of softness and resolution combined?"

Can I then behold her example, and be indifferent to the lesson it affords me! Ah, no! I feel, that if ever I should be called upon for the exertion of such qualities, her remembrance will enable me to prove that I am not unworthy of her." Gunilda smiled. "Indeed, young people," said she, "I know not where you have learnt such flattering speeches. I own, I did not give my good old friend the Abbot credit for the remains of such politeness and refinement, as he seems to have imparted to you, Guthlac, and certainly I had some reason to fear the cold walls of a cloister might cool the affection of a child for an absent mother." Her voice faltered as she spoke, and a tear trembled in her eye. Pega threw her arms round her, and imprinted an affectionate kiss upon her cheek. "It is not in the power of walls," she exclaimed, "to check the throbbings of filial love; nor can art raise a barrier so powerful but that the still voice of nature cannot penetrate it." "I believe so," returned Gunilda, "but might not the kindness of others, by superseding that of her's who was so far from you, weaken the impression of former tenderness, and graft the bud of affection on a foreign stock?" "Oh, no!" returned Pega, "true to its first impulse, the heart of a child that has once tasted the delights of maternal affection, under every circumstance, returns to the being that gave it birth—the remembrance of a parent follows every where, pervades every scene, and dwells in every form. When in sorrow, did the voice of tenderness sooth my distress?—the expressions of gratitude flowed from my lips, but the thought of the tenderer accents of my mother dwelt in silence in my heart. When in sickness, did attentive care smooth my pillow, or watch my repose?—I acknowledged the goodness that dictated it, and smiled my thanks; but my mother's image woke the tear I endeavored to hide—no pillow. I found like my mother's bosom, no slumber so sweet as that which was guarded by her eye. When in happiness, did others share my delight?—I rejoiced in their sympathy; but my joy was incomplete, for it was not blessed by my mother's participation, nor encouraged by her approval." She hid her face in Gunilda's bosom, who, not less affected than herself, attempted no other reply than straining her more closely to her. "You are a foolish girl," she at length exclaimed, "and are determined, I see, to

make me as ridiculous as yourself. I have no doubt this saucy cousin of your's is already laughing at our folly." "I should be ashamed of myself, if I were capable of so doing," cried Guthlac, warmly; "my cousin has but expressed my own sentiments, and embodied my own feelings; and despicable indeed is the heart, to which the effusions of pure affection serve as a source of ridicule."

Pega having soon after left the room, Gunilda briefly informed Guthlac of such particulars concerning her family as she deemed sufficient to satisfy the curiosity which she thought it probable she had excited. With a view to the aggrandizement of his other children, who were boys, Egbert had at an early age placed his daughter in a convent, resolving that she should take the veil as soon as it was possible. Gunilda had opposed the measure as earnestly as she dared, but Egbert was seldom to be turned from his purpose, and she was obliged to submit to his decree. She had already lost two of her sons in battle; one of whom had recently been slain; to relieve the melancholy which this misfortune had caused, Egbert, to her surprise, allowed her to remove her daughter from the convent in which she had been placed, and though she had but little hope that he would suffer her to remain with her, this unlooked-for indulgence, however short its duration, was a source of the utmost delight to both.

In such society, time, as the Lady Gunilda predicted, did not pass very heavily away with Guthlac, notwithstanding his impatience to join the army shaded the pleasure he would otherwise have felt; but happily for him, youth and the judicious treatment of his kind nurses soon restored him to perfect health. He did not part from his aunt and cousin, however, without many feelings of regret, for the kindness of the former had excited his gratitude and esteem, while the latter he regarded with the affection of the most tender brother.

Restored to his former vigor, Guthlac continued to move in the bright path he had marked out for himself. Already he was the idol of the soldiers, and the admiration of the veterans that composed his uncle's train. His courage was equalled only by his modesty, and his intrepidity by his ge-

nerosity; no grovelling passion shaded the fine traits of his disposition, but transcendent in excellence as in manly beauty, he stood unrivalled. Thus distinguished it appeared almost impossible for Egbert to withhold from him that which he so earnestly wished—the command of his own vassals; but he still, under a variety of excuses, delayed performing what to every other appeared an act of justice. A circumstance, however, occurred some time after Guthlac had rejoined him, which put it out of his power to deny him any longer the gratification of his desire. In the midst of an engagement which had been for some hours carried on with equal fury on each side, the impetuosity of Egbert had betrayed him so far from the main body of his troops, that he was surrounded by the enemy, and was on the point of being made prisoner. In the general confusion, his critical situation was unobserved by all but Guthlac, whose keen eye had been directed to every part. To attempt his rescue, however, would have seemed madness to every other; but Guthlac, fearless of himself, and intent only on his uncle's preservation, resolved to accomplish his escape, or perish in the undertaking. "Behold your leader's danger," cried he, to a body of men that were now advancing to the spot where he stood "the noble Egbert is in the hands of his enemies; let us rescue him or fall as becomes us." Scarcely observing who accompanied him, he precipitated himself forward to the place where Egbert was fighting with all the desperation of a man who saw death before him, and was resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. He was unhorsed, and just as Guthlac approached, a desperate blow was aimed at him by a warrior, mounted on a stately charger, which descending on his helmet, cleft it asunder; a similar one must have ended his life, but at this moment the generous and intrepid youth rushed in between, and received the shock upon his shield. So great, however, was its force, that he staggered and nearly fell; but instantly recovering himself, he turned upon his adversary with such impetuosity that he brought him to the ground. The combat was now very unequal; the stature of his adversary was almost gigantic, and his strength was proportionably great; he had also the advantage of a much greater knowledge of arms,

and though the destruction of his opponent seemed his aim, he fought with a degree of coolness which it was impossible to shake. The courage, activity, and dauntless zeal of Guthlac, notwithstanding, prevailed; his sword flashed like lightning round him, and the blood was seen to flow copiously through the armour of his foe, who now, infuriated by his danger, pressed upon him with renewed energy, and with his whole force, aimed a blow at him which threatened to crush him at once; but Guthlac, with admirable agility, evaded the stroke, and perceiving that the effort had thrown the enemy from his balance, he rushed quickly upon him, and succeeded in severely wounding him. With a heavy groan he fell to the earth dragging his youthful conqueror with him. The latter soon extricated himself from his now nerveless grasp, and rising, received the congratulations of all who had crowded round the spot. He now learned with astonishment, that his antagonist was no other than Aldulph, King of East Anglia. A shout of dismay from the opposite party had declared his quality. "End the life of the tyrant," exclaimed several who had arrived at the spot, "and rid your house of its bitterest foe."

"He is my prisoner," exclaimed Guthlac, covering him with his shield, "and though he were my father's murderer, while he is thus defenceless, no injury shall reach him but through my own body." The look of determination that accompanied these words was sufficient; the soldiers conveyed the king, who was still insensible, to their leader's tent, whither Egbert himself had been conducted. The chief had fainted through loss of blood, but was aroused from his stupor by the shouts of victory which now resounded from all parts of the field. He was soon made acquainted with what had happened, and learned to whom he owed his preservation and the capture of his enemy. All were clamorous in praise of his valor, and Egbert found it was now impossible to withhold from him that consequence and command which was his due. "Guthlac," cried he, "from henceforth you must consider yourself master of your possessions, and of your own vassals. You have proved yourself capable of conducting both them and yourself to glory; and I trust you will never sully a career which you have begun

so nobly." A tear of uncontrolled delight sprang to the eye of Guthlac; he grasped his uncle's hand, and in one of his most energetic tones, exclaimed, "Sooner may the grave cover me, than dishonor should rest on my name. But how, my dear uncle, can I sufficiently repay you for your goodness, or show the gratitude I feel." "Most easily," returned Egbert with a scrutinizing glance, "at present, indeed, I claim nothing from you; but the time may come in which you may testify every sense of what I have done for you; till that period arrive, I require neither words nor promises."

(To be continued.)

PLUM-PUDDING A LA FRANCOISE.

WHEN the late Lord H—— was travelling in France, he stopped with his chaplain at Bordeaux. It was Christmas day, and the gentlemen wished to dine *à la mode d'Angleterre*; but how was this to be accomplished? A substantial piece of roast-beef was beyond their hopes; but they resolved to try for a plum-pudding. The waiter was summoned, and to the enquiry whether they could have this dish, answered, that if his lordship would give him instructions, he did not doubt that it could be made. "Why," said Lord H——, "you must get some flour, and mix with it plenty of currants and raisins, some suet cut small, and milk and brandy, and then boil it in water." The waiter engaged that this should be done, and the travellers anticipated their feast. Dinner was served at the appointed hour, and a deep covered dish was placed at the upper of the table, which upon being opened, was found to contain the expected pudding, not in its usual solid form, but dressed *à la Française*. Monsieur had followed his directions literally, and boiled it in water, *but without a cloth*, and thus converted it into plum-bouillon.

PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

No. VII.

MR. BLOOMFIELD.

THIS gentleman, whom the newspapers had long ago consigned to the grave, has again appeared in public, and we have been informed he was urged to it more by the goadings of his necessities, than the dictates of his judgment. We can hardly lament any cause which would give us a production like "May Day with the Muses," but we may be allowed to deplore this—genius is not a marketable commodity; it is an intransferable, consequently, an unprofitable article; it has so long gone hand in hand with poverty, that they have been deemed inseparable companions; but we have luckily some brilliant instances to the contrary in the present age, and yet none of these happier brethren stepped forward to assist the needy one. We do not individualize Mr. Bloomfield in this remark; but it is a fact well established, that many writers of the present day are in indigence and misery; and whilst brother bards and prose manufacturers are amassing large fortunes from the public partiality, they begrudge putting a pittance into the hand that wretchedness has wrung. "*Omnes sibi malle melius esse quam alteri*," but it is not natural that they should neglect relieving the wants of a fellow-creature, when the sum thus expended would be "but as a grain of sand in the ocean." Rochester jested at the misfortunes of Otway, and indeed turned the stream of munificence that was flowing towards him, merely because he envied and feared his talents; the present race show more apathy than malignity, they do not indeed deter others, but will they assist themselves?

It is a melancholy fact, that a plodding artizan whose mind never aspired above the art of cutting out a pair of shoes, and who was a fellow laborer with our author, has

* It is natural to man that each individual should prefer his own advantage to that of others.

retired on a competent fortune, whilst poor Bloomfield, with all his genius, *and all his friends*, has been left neglected and indigent. Surely he who mends our *hearts* has more claim upon our sympathies, than he who mends our *shoes*:

“ Oh! Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded!”

The trade which has the honor of enrolling Bloomfield's name among its artisans, has been rather prolific in literature, Holcroft and Gifford were both shoemakers.

But to the poetry, and of the poet anon:—his “ Farmer's Boy,” his earliest, is by no means his happiest, production; the subject having no narrative to awaken interest, does not take hold of our senses like that pathetic, simply-told tale “ The Miller's Maid.” We turn, however, to his description of Spring, with peculiar gratification. He feels the inspiration of the seasons without the glittering elegance and refinement of Thomson, and equally free from the disgusting childishness of Hunt, Wordsworth, and such ephemerals.

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the north,
The splendid raiment of the spring peeps forth,
Her universal green, and the clear sky,
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
Shoot up the simple flower, or creeps along
The mellow soil, imbibing fairer hues,
Or sweets from frequent showers, or evening dews,
That summon from their shed the sleeping ploughs,
While health impregnates every breeze that blows;
No wheels support the diving pointed share;
No groaning ox is doom'd to labor there;
No helpmates teach the docile steed his road,
Alike unknown the ploughboy and the goad,
But unassisted through the toilsome day,
With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way,
Draws his fresh parallels, and wid'ning still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill,
Strong on the wing, his busy followers play,
Where writhing earth-worms meet th' unwelcome day;
Till all is chang'd, and hill and level down,
Assume a livery of sober brown.

Purer sentiment combined with poetic feeling is no where

to be found than is contained in the following lines of his "Summer," it is well worth all Mr. Southey's defences of the church against the Satanic school put together—

Here vanity shrinks back her head to hide,
What is there here to flatter human pride?
The tow'ring fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And stedfast columns may astonish more,
Where the charm'd gazer long delighted stays,
Yet trac'd but to the architect the praise,
Whilst here the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple gives the praise to God;
And twofold joys possess his raptur'd mind,
From gratitude and admiration join'd.

"The Miller's Maid," is a production entirely by itself. We are aware of no production in the English language to which it in any way assimilates; we should say it was Marmontel in verse; but Marmontel has more refinement: every line of this little poem is addressed to the feelings of his readers, and does honor to his own. It is so well engrafted on the memory of most, that quotations would be useless, and we will not anticipate the pleasure of those who have not perused it, by presenting them only a short extract from this delicious *morceau*. This poem has at length been dramatized, and could Mr. B. see Miss Kelly's inimitable assumption of the heroine, we are convinced he would find his most vivid conception realized.

"Richard and Kate," is here and there disfigured by common-place lines and sentiments; but nature is strictly adhered to—

The children toppled on the green,
And bowl'd their fairings down the hill;
Richard with pride beheld the scene,
Nor could he for his life stand still.

* * * * *

Then (*raising still his mug and voice*)
"An old man's weakness don't despise,
I love you all, my girls and boys;
God bless you all!"—*so said his eyes,*
For as he spoke, a big round drop,
Fell, bounding on his ample sleeve;
A witness which he could not stop—
A witness which all hearts believe.

To mention "Walter and Jane," "The Market Night," "The Broken Crutch," &c. will be sufficient to revive in the minds of our readers the pleasure they experienced in the perusal of each. We should have felt satisfaction in bringing some extracts from each before them; but to reserve room for more copious ones from "May Day with the Muses" we shall only give the following lines from "Good Tidings"—

Where's the blind boy, so admirably fair,
 With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair,
 That waves in every breeze? He's often seen
 Beside yon cottage-wall, or on the green,
 With others match'd in spirit and in size,
 Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes.
 That full expanse of voice to childhood dear,
 Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here;
 And hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry,
 He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
 And runs the giddy course with all his might,
 A very child in every thing—but sight:
 With circumscrib'd, but not abated, powers,
 Play! the great object of his infant hours,
 In many a game he takes a noisy part,
 And shows the native gladness of his heart;
 But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
 The new suggestion, and the quick assent,
 The grove invites, delight thrills every breast;
 To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
 Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind,
 And one companion leave—the boy is blind!

The last line is worth a hundred "Ecclesiastical Sketches;" it is the acme of composition—'tis the art of compression.

"May Day with the Muses," commences with rather an irregularly composed Preface, in which he says, "I have written these tales in anxiety, and in a wretched state of health." We are sorry for it; but the brightest efforts of genius have been elicited from the most unfavorable stimulants. Cervantes wrote Don Quixote in a prison. But to the tale—

Sir Ambrose Higham, in his *eightieth* year,
 With mem'ry unimpair'd, and conscience clear,

resolved to quit the pleasures of our "wonderful metropolis,"
 (we presume having lost all taste for its enjoyments)

And where he first drew breath at last to fall,
Beneath the towering shades of Oakley Hall.

* * * * *

Sir Ambrose lov'd the Muses, and would pay
Due honors even to the ploughman's lay,

which, we presume, happened but seldom, as he had been so long in London, where there are no ploughmen, and as ploughmen themselves are not much given to versifying. Sir Ambrose resolves, (feeling the agricultural distress) to allow his tenants to pay one half year's rent in rhyme. A noble resolution, if we consider the tedium it must excite in a gentleman of *eighty*, to be doomed to sit and hear the effusions of farmers, (being their first appearance in poetry) for six hours together. We are as great admirers of charitable acts as most people, but this mode of relieving the distresses of ploughmen, by making them turn poets, is so likely to increase the overweening stock of bards, that we trust, old Sir A.'s example will meet with no imitators.

The description of the "day" is peculiarly beautiful; it shows that the author has polished his lay without diminishing its beauty or its nature--

Thus came the jovial day, no streaks of red,
O'er the broad portal of the morn were spread,
But one high-sailing mist of dazzling white,
A screen of gossamer, a magic light,
Doom'd instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken,
To reign awhile, and be exhaled at ten.
O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power restor'd,
Forth came the conquering sun and look'd abroad;
Millions of dew-drops fell, *yet millions hung,*
Like words of transport trembling on the tongue,
Too strong for utterance. Thus the infant boy
With rosebud cheeks and features tun'd to joy,
Weeps while he struggles with restraint or pain;
But change the scene, and make him laugh again,
His heart rekindles, and his cheek appears
A thousand times more lovely through his tears.

The first poet who essays is Philip, a farmer's son, who recites a doggerel tale, called—"The Drunken Father," one Andrew Hall.

In tippling was his whole delight
 Each sign-post barr'd his way;
 He spent in *muddy* ale at night
 The wages of the day.

This is a great reflection on the *taste* of Mr. Andrew Hall, or a greater one on the ale of the county, which we are surprised to find in Mr. B.'s works. That Andrew was a most incorrigible drinker appears from this, that—

Wherever drunkards stopp'd at night,
 Why there was Andrew Hall.

By which it appears, *he* never stopped at all; for if he visited every place that drunkards stopped at, he must have been in a continued state of locomotion. The children go out one night to bring their father home: their feelings are well narrated. They succeed, after narrowly escaping drowning; and his wife's remonstrance is feelingly and pathetically written—

I work, I toil, I spin, all day,
 Then leave my work to cry,
 And start with horror when I think,
 You wish to see me die.

In consequence of this "curtain lecture," Andrew Hall reforms his way of life, and becomes "the soberest man alive."

"The Forester" is a description of an oak levelled by a storm. The Forester's reminiscences are pleasing—

I mark'd the owl that silent flits,
 The hare that feeds at eventide,
 The upright rabbit, when he sits,
 And mocks you ere he deigns to hide.

Sir A. now calls upon John Armstrong—

Forth stepp'd his shepherd; scanty locks of grey,
 Edged round a hat, that *seem'd to mock decay*

We would advise Johnny Armstrong to get a patent for these durable hats;—but to his song, which is a poetical account of a dream, and alludes to the defeat of Buonaparte; we are at a loss to know where Mr. B. means the reproach to lie, when he says—

He (Buonaparte)
 Leapt into a *cockle-shell* floating hard by,
 It sail'd to an isle in the midst of the lake,
Where they mock'd fallen greatness, and left him to die.

"The Soldier's Home" is a very superior production; but let it speak for itself in this extract of the soldier's return, after a twenty years' absence—

On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun look'd down as in life's early dawn,
I gaz'd around, but not a soul appear'd,
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came.
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpow'ring sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair;
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before!—the same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,
And up they flew, like banners in the wind,
Then gently, singly, down, down, down, they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black, stedfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendships to renew)
"Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?"

Rosomond's Song of Hope had much better have been omitted, and this is succeeded by "Alfred and Jennett," the longest tale in the book. It commences with the reciter's description of his daughter; he says—

At thirteen, she was all that heaven could send,
My nurse, my faithful clerk, my lively friend;
Last at my pillow, when I sunk to sleep,
First on my threshold, soon as day could peep;
I heard her happy to her heart's desire,
With clanking pattens and a roaring fire.
Then, having store of new-laid eggs to spare,
She filled her basket with the simplest fare,

And weekly trudg'd (I think I see her still)
 To sell them at yon house upon the hill.
 Oft have I watch'd her as she stroll'd along,
 Heard the gate bang, and heard her morning song;
 And as my warm ungovern'd feelings rose,
 Said to myself, "Heaven bless her! there she goes."

And Alfred—

Was a youth of noble mind,
 With ardent passions, and with taste refin'd;
 All that could please still courted heart and hand,
 Music, joy, peace, and wealth, at his command.

* * * * *

But—

from his cradle he had never seen
 Soul-cheering sunbeams, or wild nature's green.

His mother, when he was solitary, sent for Jennet, "just for company;" their intercourse soon ripens into love. There our rural poet seems once more himself; his fancy, which strikes us with the force of Crabbe, without his bluntness or asperity, and the feeling of Moore, without his voluptuousness (and also without his refinement, which, indeed, would be out of place here). Jennet's father discovers their passion, and discloses the secret to Alfred's mother, who gives Jennet the alternative of staying at her house, or going home to her father's. She chuses the latter, and returns overwhelmed with grief;—her father strives to solace her—

She car'd not, listen'd not, nor seem'd to know
 What was my aim, but wip'd her burning brow,
 Where sat more eloquence and living pow'r,
 Than language could embody in an hour.
 With softened tone I mention'd Alfred's name,
 His wealth, our poverty, and that sad blame
 Which would have weigh'd me down, had I not told
 The secret which I dare not keep for gold,
 Of Alfred's love, o'erheard the other morn,
 The gardener, and the woodbine, and the thorn;
 And added, "Though the lady sends you home,
 You are but young, child, and a day may come——"
 "She has *not* sent me home," the girl replied,
 And rose with sobs of passion from my side;
 "She has *not* sent me home, dear father, no;
 She gives me leave to tarry, or to go,

She has not *blam'd* me,—yet she weeps no less
 And every tear but adds to my distress;
 I am the cause,—thus all that she has done,
 Will bring the death, or misery, of ner son."

She has scarcely ended, ere she perceives "*Alfred tugging at his mother's arm,*" who consents to their union, and they are as happy as virtue deserves to be. A few puerilities have crept into this poem, such as—

The veriest romp that ever *wagged a leg*.

* * * * *
 Whene'er she came, he from his sports *would slide*.

* * * * *
 And *clipp'd* against his ribs her trembling arm.

After this tale, there is a description of the concluding festivities at Oakley Hall, till the villagers retire, and

The owl awoke, but dar'd not yet complain,
 And banish'd Silence re-assum'd her reign.

"May Day with the Muses," presents many marks of hasty composition, yet, upon the whole, it reflects credit upon the author, and is by far his most polished production; yet, we confess, we expected something better from his pen, when we heard he had resumed it. Mr. Bloomfield has had great friends. Mr. Capel Loft not only extended his hand towards him, but introduced him to the patronage of the Duke of Grafton, at whose seat he remained a considerable time. Doubtless his Grace's library was always open to him, as we are aware Mr. Loft's was; he has thus, for the last twenty years at least, had an excellent opportunity of improving his mind, and as he relinquished his trade, he had plenty of time for the purpose. When we consider all the circumstances, we no longer recognize the author of "*The Farmer's Boy*" as a friendless poet, without education, or means of obtaining knowledge, but as one whom Fortune has favored, and whose song has not improved under the sunshine of her smiles. In this view of the case, he is not entitled to a lenient criticism; he has certainly neglected the advantages that presented themselves to him, and forgot his own interest by so long a silence. Sixteen years produces great revolutions in the affairs of men; those who admired his

earlier productions have since been led away by the sweetness of Moore, or paralysed by the grandeur of Byron, their hearts are no longer dwelling on green fields, and rosy-cheeked milkmaids; after such a lapse of time, they looked for an extraordinary improvement in the style of the author. Bloomfield is still himself; we are happy he has not deteriorated—we are sorry he has not improved. We trust this production will ameliorate his circumstances, which we hear are extremely bad; he, alas! like poor Will in the song—

“Has clearly prov'd that *learning* isn't half so good as *leather*.”

To sum up his talents is a difficult task: he has not the polish of Goldsmith—the refinement of Thomson—nor the sweetness of Cowper; yet he possesses an admixture of most of their qualities. His name will be remembered when many a prouder poet is forgotten; and we rejoice to add, though many bards have been wiser, we can name none whose song is purer than his; his faults are those naturally arising from the want of education; his beauties are the result of a power as resistless as it is great—genius. The cold apathy of patrons may withhold their promised favors,—fortune may now refuse to smile on him,—and penury visit his threshold, but the indifference of the one, or the malice of the other, cannot rob him of the purity of soul his pages display, or destroy the mind from which those glowing passages emanate. * R.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

THERE is a society of people in Madrid, some of whom go about the streets in the evening, and knock with their sticks upon the pavement, to inform those who have any sick in their houses, to bring them forth, upon which they are conveyed to an hospital; and if any poor or distressed people are lying in the streets, they are also taken care of. The hospitals are in general very clean, and well attended; and this must ever be the case where the attendance is given from a religious motive.

MADAME COTTIN'S PELISSE.

AN ANECDOTE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF N. BOUILLY.

THOSE who endeavor in their writings to paint nature faithfully, to trace the pleasures and pains of society, its virtues and its vices, are generally very silent and reserved in company; they only appear in large circles that they may be enabled to draw their models more correctly; they dread interruption, and we may not improperly say, they would wish to render themselves invisible to all the world.

Such was Madame Cottin; she was at the same time possessed of a great deal of sensibility, talent, and modesty, indulgent towards others, and severe only towards herself; her greatest pleasure was to hear her own works discussed by those who were capable of criticising them, without being recognized: the severest censure even interested her, because, she said, she profited by it. Praise, on the contrary, appeared to her an insupportable torment; and this truly modest woman took great precautions to shun its seducing lures. Madame Cottin, therefore, was rarely seen in what is called the world, where her mildness, good-nature, and celebrity, were too well known to allow her to escape hearing her own praise.

Deprived of the happiness of being a mother, she consoled herself in some degree by adopting the three daughters of a friend who had lost her husband and fortune, during the civil wars which distressed her country. All the time that Madame Cottin could spare from her literary occupations was dedicated to the improvement of these amiable orphans; it was her task to instruct and amuse them, to initiate them into the ways of the world, with which she was better acquainted than any other person, to preserve them from the snares and dangers that surround youth,—in a word, to instil into their minds all the treasures of her own: this was the favorite occupation and greatest enjoyment of this charming and generous woman.

In order to deliver herself from the fatigue of the toilette and to manage her valuable time with economy, she had, for several years, imposed an obligation on herself to wear always the same style of dress. This was composed of a dead-leaf colored pelisse, a black bonnet, after the English fashion, under which was seen her beautiful light hair negligently arranged. This bonnet hid also her large blue eyes, from which darted rays of fire illuminating features that were remarkable for their softness and placidity. This costume was dear to Madame Cottin, as it enabled her to present her three adopted children with jewels and different articles of dress in which she was pleased to see them appear. It is even said, that she contributed so constantly to the support of this family, that she scarcely reserved sufficient out of six or seven hundred pounds to pay her own expences. To these traits of disinterestedness which characterised her, was added a simplicity so natural, that she was often taken for a mere rustic, while her silence and retiring manners were attributed to her want of knowledge, and sometimes to her inability, or fear of not expressing herself with propriety.

This contempt often amused her, and frequently served to divert her attention from those profound reveries into which her deep studies occasionally plunged her, and which, while they brought her to her grave in the flower of her age, transmitted her name to posterity. One day, these much-loved children were invited to a ball, where a select number of young people were to be assembled. Madame Cottin insisted on superintending their dress: she had ornamented them with all her most valuable jewels for the occasion; but when they were ready to get into the carriage, their mother was obliged to attend to an unforeseen affair, and in consequence could not go with them. "Oh! what a pity!" cried the youngest, "when we were so well dressed." "And have given *la bonne** so much trouble," observed the second, (this was the modest appellation by which this disinterested woman allowed them to address her). "Oh! if *la bonne* did not shun large parties," remarked the eldest, "we would ask

* *La bonne* (good) means also a servant who waits upon young ladies, and attends them when they go out.

her to complete her goodness by conducting us to this gay ball." "My dears, is it not at the house of one of the richest bankers at Paris?" asked *la bonne*, so well denominated. "Exactly so," was the reply; "there is to be a ball and concert, and above all, acting proverbs, which we are so particularly fond of." "It would be cruel then to deprive you of so much pleasure, my dears; I will accompany you; but it must be on condition that you will not name me, that you will allow me to enjoy myself in my own way, and contemplate this moving picture, where no doubt I shall find sufficient to make rough copies; and above all, that you will let all have their own opinion respecting who and what I am, and amuse themselves at my expense as much as they please." "We do promise," cried they all at once, impatient to be at the party where they expected so much pleasure. Madam Cottin dressed herself immediately in her deadleaf-colored pelisse, her large black bonnet, drawn very much over her eyes, and conducted the young people to the rich banker's, where they found a large party already assembled, and the rooms brilliantly illuminated. They apologized to the lady of the house for the absence of their mother, at the same time naming her regret at not being able to accompany them; and Madame Cottin said, in a timid voice with her eyes cast down, that she was charged with the care of the young ladies, that they might not be deprived of the pleasure of such a brilliant assembly. The expressive accent of the unknown, contrasted with the simplicity of her dress, did not escape the penetration of their hostess, who suspected at first sight, that she was a woman of merit, though of what rank in society she could not ascertain; but her daughter, and the young ladies who surrounded her, took Madame Cottin for a distant relation just arrived from the country, who would be delighted to see what was going on in the gay world, and therefore considered her a fair subject of ridicule for them. Placed in the corner of a large and handsome room, she only received those attentions which were indispensable, and this they considered paying her great honor. As for the three sisters, who were elegantly dressed, and remarkably graceful in person, they were caressed and flattered on all sides, and were soon dispersed amidst the crowd. The young person

who delighted most particularly in criticising Madame Cottin, passed and repassed before her for the purpose of examining her dress. In spite of Madame Cottin's weakness of sight, she could easily perceive that her pelisse was the object of general attention and conversation in the assembly. "Oh! what a beautiful color!" said a young lady laughing impertinently, "it is astonishing it is not in fashion." "If the lady was presented," replied a conceited beau, eyeing her through an opera-glass, "I think, on my honor, all the ladies at Court would be dressed in the color of a dead-leaf." "Every thing turns pale near it," added a third; "nothing is so becoming as the deadleaf-color." "Oh! how delightful it must be to have such a charming color for a dress," said another.

Madame Cottin secretly laughed at these passing attacks, and took a sketch from each of these originals; but what principally heightened their contempt was the expression that one of the young *protégées* had made use of in naming her. The amiable girl could not forget, even in the midst of the pleasures which surrounded her, the extreme goodness and condescension of their inestimable friend, and seeing her banished to a solitary corner, she said to her sisters, "We are amusing ourselves most agreeably; but I fear *la bonne* will be weary." These words were heard by several persons, and particularly by the daughter of their hostess, who immediately fancied that the unknown was the waiting woman of the young ladies. Shocked at the idea of any one's daring to admit a person of such a description into their society, and fearing at the same time the feelings of the company assembled in her mother's house, would be hurt by it, she went and seated herself by the stranger in the deadleaf-colored pelisse, at which she laughed in spite of herself, and began the following conversation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

EPITAPH ON A FEMALE, IN CHERTSEY CHURCH-YARD.

Her manners mild, her temper such,
Her language good, and not too much.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR

I HAVE been for several years in the practice of keeping a regular journal of all my expences, actions, and opinions, and at the close of the year generally looked it over with a considerable degree of self complacency, as I have had the good fortune to pass the greatest portion of my time in a very pleasant manner, and the prudence never to exceed my income to any material amount. Upon shewing my diary to a whimsical friend, with whom I have long been in habits of friendly intercourse, he said very gravely, "All this reads very well, my dear madam, in its present state; but I think I could suggest an alteration which would give it a very different aspect even in your own eyes." I begged he would have the kindness to instruct me how this was to be effected. "It is simply this," said he, "leave a blank space opposite to every entry in your journal, in which you must candidly and impartially state your motive for every action, whether considered by yourself in a praise-worthy or blamable point of view; this, if done with strictness, will give you a fairer insight into your real character and disposition than you are probably aware of." There was something so original and curious in the project, that I resolved to put it immediately into execution, and for the last twelvemonth I have adhered scrupulously to the rule laid down for me; but now comes the difficulty: upon looking over my new journal, I protest I am ashamed to shew it to my scrupulous judge and rigid monitor, for the very first page has convinced me, that he was right in asserting, how truly ignorant I was of my own character, which I have hitherto flattered myself was, if not better than that of my neighbors, at least happily free from any very glaring faults. My journal runs thus:—

Tuesday, Jan. 9th.

Private Reasons.

Spent the evening at Mrs. B—'s; played cards till a late hour—lost five-and-twenty shillings.

Thursday, Jan. 11th.

Discharged my footman

Because I understood that

Thomas—an idle, disorderly young man.

he was in the habit of gambling at a public-house!

Saturday, Jan. 13th.

Went to the play—a cold, wet night.

Sunday, Jan. 14th.

Could not go to Church.

Because the weather was unfavorable.

Monday, Jan. 15th.

Was denied to Mrs. W—, and mean to drop the acquaintance, as she is a censorious, ill-natured woman.

Because I was told that she said my two front teeth were very much discolored.

Wednesday, Jan 17th.

Gave ten guineas for a shawl.

Because Miss B— had a very handsome one last week.

Thursday, Jan. 18th.

George Willmot wanted to borrow a small sum of me, but refused, as he had been so improvident as to indulge his wife in extravagant habits.

Because his wife is my cousin, and was always considered a very pretty girl when well dressed.

Friday, Jan. 19th.

Turned away my maid, Sally Smith, for being forward and pert.—Refused to give her a character.

Because she suffered Capt. T— to kiss her, and did not tell me.

Saturday, Jan. 20th.

Took three guineas worth of tickets for Signora S—'s benefit—Braham to sing some sweet songs.

Sunday, Jan. 21st.

Went to hear a charity sermon, at St. George's Chapel, and put a guinea in the plate.

Because old Mrs. R— was close behind me, and would have quizzed a shabby half-crown.

Upon coming to a true investigation of my conduct, even in so short a space of time, I am astonished to find that

where I thought I deserved most credit, I have in fact been grossly culpable, both as a rational being, and a Christian, and have, for the most part, acted in a mean, unjust, and uncharitable manner. I have expended large sums to gratify my own pride and caprice, and have refused the aid of as many shillings to a distressed relation through motives of envy,—shut my door against one of my most respectable acquaintance, because she uttered a disagreeable truth,—turned a helpless dependant adrift, without a character, for one trivial indiscretion, and patronized a female of, at best, a doubtful character,—suffered a frivolous pretext to keep me from attending divine worship,—but sought diversion at the theatre, in spite of wind and weather,—discharged a servant who had always done his duty properly, because he had followed my example in an humble sphere,—and lastly, dignified by the name of charity, an act of ostentation and cunning. I am so much shocked at discovering in myself vices where, without the assistance of my friend, I should have beheld only such every-day acts as pass current with superficial observers for virtues, that I have enjoined myself by way of penance to lay my journal before you, in the hopes, that by its publication, some of your fair readers, who through inconsiderateness may have fallen into similar errors, and are equally self-deceived, will adopt the excellent plan recommended by my friend, and by keeping what may be called a Tablet of Conscience for the ensuing year, satisfy themselves of the actual progress they have made towards the establishment of a character so essential to their future happiness, as that of a good Christian.

SOPHIA SURFACE.

COPY OF A PAPER

HANDED IN AT A DOOR THE MORNING ON WHICH A YOUNG COUPLE HAD BEEN MARRIED.

HONORED SIR,

PERMIT us, we the marrow-bones and cleavers, to pay our usual and customary respects in wishing, sir, you and your amiable lady joy of your happy marriage; hoping, sir, to receive the usual favors, as we have from other gentlemen on those like happy occasions.

Sir, being in waiting your goodness.

THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY;

OR,

Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

(Continued from page 192, Vol. XV.)

The romantic amours of the Duke of Buckingham occasions a religious war, and the taking of Rochelle.

AT the beginning of the seventeenth century, three ministers of state were masters of the destiny of Europe. Cardinal de Richlieu, in France; the Count Duke de Olivares, in Spain; and the Duke of Buckingham, in England. All three were disliked both by the nobility and the common-people; and all the three were different in their character and their passions.

Cardinal de Richlieu was lively, proud, and sanguinary, but of incredible activity; he foresaw all the plots which were formed against him, preserved his station in the ministry, and had the ascendancy over the other ministers. The Count Duke de Olivares was reserved, mild, tranquil, and circumspect even to dilatoriness. He did not foresee misfortunes, and was overwhelmed by them. The Duke of Buckingham, who was the handsomest man of his time, behaved himself more like a favorite than a minister. He did not govern Charles I. by intrigues, but by the dominion he had over his mind. He knew how to render himself beloved by those whom he chose for his associates, but was insupportable to all who had not talents to amuse him: to the former he was affable, officious, and generous; to the latter haughty and imperious. He thought himself capable of every thing, because he had experience in nothing. The beauty of his person, his generosity and magnificence, rendered him agreeable to the women; he had seduced many, and imagined none could resist him. In confidence of which he attacked all who pleased him, without regard to their rank or virtue.

Like the heroes of romance, he went into foreign countries in search of adventures. It was doubtless with this

view that he engaged Charles I. then Prince of Wales, to go with him to Spain to demand the Infanta in marriage: where the Duke, more taken up with the prosecution of his own gallantries than with the affairs of his master, attacked the Duchess of Olivares, wife of the prime minister of Spain, and by this indiscretion broke off the marriage of the prince, who then directed his views towards France, and Henrietta, sister of Louis XIII. was solicited. The friendship of the Prince of Wales for Buckingham, was a veil which enveloped all the faults of this favorite, and concealed them from the eyes of the prince; who no sooner ascended the throne than he placed his sole confidence in him, and sent him to France to complete his marriage with Henrietta. The duke, whose audacity led him from one imprudence to another, had like to have put an end to this match likewise, by the most indiscreet of all indiscretions. He had the impudence to make a declaration of love to Queen Ann of Austria. The queen, who with unshaken virtue, possessed a soul worthy of her rank, disdained to shew her resentment at the temerity of the duke: but he was at length obliged to quit the court of France, and conducted Henrietta to England, leaving behind him the character of an agreeable courtier, but a bad negociator. His passion for the afore-mentioned Queen Ann, still occupied his thoughts, on his arrival at London. He thought she loved him, because he had the assurance to tell her he was enamored of her; and in order to be near her person, he undertook a second voyage to France, under pretence of entering into a treaty against Spain; but no attention was paid to him—he was even refused permission to make his overtures.

The Duke of Buckingham, piqued at this refusal, entered into a secret correspondence with the Hugonots, whom he spirited up with the hopes of procuring them powerful succours from England. Rochelle was the rendezvous of the Hugonots; the Rochellers took up arms; the Duke of Buckingham landed at the isle of Rhé with seven thousand men. The Hugonot's party became formidable; all France was struck with a panic, and Rochelle was on the point of being separated from that kingdom for ever. Cardinal Richlieu, who never appeared with so great lustre as in the most imminent dangers, by an admirable presence of mind, and

by that vigilance which is common to heroes, was attentive to every thing at the same instant of time; and put a period to those evils which menaced the state. Ships were immediately got ready, troops under the command of the most able generals were sent against Rochelle, and a numerous artillery followed them. Advantage was instantly taken of the hatred which the Duke de Olivares bore to the English; and troops and ships were also obtained of him. The Duke of Buckingham was defeated in the isle of Rhé, and forced to return to England with the broken remains of his army, covered with disgrace. The cardinal went in person to command at the siege of Rochelle. He acted as general; his courage and genius supplying the place of experience. The troops continued on duty; and designs were formed for shutting out of the port any English succours which might be sent, and to secure the mastery of the sea. The cardinal having Quintius Curtius at hand, and reading the description of Alexander's rampart before Tyre, caused one to be made before Rochelle, about four thousand seven hundred feet long. Fortune seconded this enterprise; for the Duke of Buckingham being just ready to sail from England with a considerable fleet, was assassinated by an Irishman, and the fleet not appearing before Rochelle, till the rampart was finished, could not penetrate it, and the place was obliged to be given up, notwithstanding all the efforts of the English to relieve it.

The glory of the house of Richlieu, thus brought disgrace England.

A SAINT.

ST. ANTHONY is Marshal-General of the Portuguese army. In 1706, he was promoted from a pirate to a non-commissioned, next to an officer, successively dressed according to each rank, and finally appointed Marshal-General with a pension of one hundred and fifty ducats. The first cannon-ball that was shot from the Duke of Berwick's army was very near carrying off the head of the Saint-General, who was borne in an arm-chair. It is said, that the pay of the holy officer is still deposited annually in his chapel, by the Sovereign in a red velvet purse.

POETRY, HOW AFFECTED BY GENIUS AND ART.

(Continued from page 95, Vol. XV.)

"Germany is no longer that torpid, old-fashioned, motionless, and cloudy region, in which a palsied and supine state of the human mind chilled and benumbed every active faculty, and every stirring principle. The stagnant lake has been agitated in all its depths, and the weeds and scum can never close over it again."

New Monthly Magazine, No. III. p. 300.

UPON resuming this subject it becomes a bounden duty that I first offer some apology for having delayed so long pursuing this essay in a regular course; a delay which has, however, arisen unexpectedly, and which circumstances rendered unavoidable;—but to the point:—An idea, ridiculous as unfounded, generally prevailed that the German language was of that harsh and guttural nature, as to preclude all elegance of expression; a better knowledge has taught us the contrary; it is peculiarly sonorous, sweet, and majestic, an assertion which those who have studied it can attest.

There is not any language which admits of that vast capability of expression*, that wonderful assimilation of *idea* and *sound*, which rivets the reader so firmly to the intentions of the author he may be perusing, as the one in question.

The Greek language has been justly appreciated for this peculiar attribute. Numerous instances of it occur in most poetical compositions; one example from Homer, to those who may be acquainted with the language, will suffice, Βῆ δ' Ἀκίωνα παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης. The author intends to describe Achilles walking on the shore of a raging sea;—the last words πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης, give the precise effect which one would conceive of the clashing contention of the billows.

The Latin tongue, being derived from the Greek, necessarily possesses this qualification in some degree. I shall content myself with one or two well known and equally admired

* The Eastern languages excepted.

lines from Virgil: wishing to personify a monster, he observes, "*Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*," and again describing an ox falling to the ground, "*Pro cumbit humi bos*." Horace has given peculiar force to the fable of the "Mountain in Labor," "*Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus*."

These general, and by no means connected, remarks, (for the subject demands minuter attention and investigation than the compass of a few pages will allow,) fully exemplify the idea with which I commenced. The Germans have been justly termed "a peculiar race of beings;" this short sentence displays their national character in few, and, perhaps, too ambiguous terms. They possess a certain *something*, an almost indescribable ingredient, tinged with the romantic ardor of days gone by, which is not absolute chivalry, but which borders so nearly on it as almost to defy distinction. The whole nation from the feudal lord to the menial vassal, nourishes this strange principle. It is, indeed, a component part of their blood,—part of that which flows in their veins—warms their hearts,—and emulates the patriotic spirits of those who have fought and died for their country,—of those who bade the proud ruler of France set limits to his ambition,—such as inspired and ennobled Theodore Körner.

In Germany liberty is freely exercised, and this indigenous feeling has greatly influenced the poetical genius, as I shall presently show. The rugged and untamed sublimity of nature will kindle the fire of Poesy, when the dull and regular piles of buildings can scarcely provoke a miserable rhyme,—the attributes of all-powerful nature have ever acted upon the mind of man in a talismanic manner. It is upon the productions of the German poets, such as Goëthe, Schiller, Jacobi, and others, that I rely, in a great measure, to show that nature is triumphant over art,—that "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," and to select from the writings of these distinguished men, passages, which like the wild and spontaneous tendrils of the vine upon the lofty mountains of Portugal, defying the aid of cultivation, luxuriously flourish and charm at the same time by their rapid and majestic growth. I have sketched this hurried and imperfect disquisition on the national character of the Germans, in order to account for, or rather to illustrate the passages which I may hereafter

cite, particularly as poetry partakes more or less of national prejudices, characteristic opinions, and legendary superstitions. This is especially observable in all early poetry, when genius unbiassed by interest, and unfettered by custom, sought but to gratify the promptings of the Muse; this is the genuine effect of *Nature*; at the present day, this feeling partially exists, although enfeebled and impoverished by the progress of *art*.

Hence it arises, and is most material to notice, that the prominent features of every nation may be generally traced in the poetry of that nation; the necessity of premising in this manner will be seen as we progressively advance. It only remains, therefore, to enter into an analytical critique of German poetry, interspersing our remarks with illustrations selected from the most celebrated writers, which pleasure is deferred till the next month's Museum.

(To be continued.)

A STRIKING LIKENESS.

A SWISS peasant was observed to weep bitterly whenever a certain Capuchin mounted the pulpit to hold forth to the people. The good father took notice of him, and exhorted him to encourage these accessions of grace, and at the same time to take comfort, as having received such marks of divine favor. The man still continuing to weep as before, every time the monk preached, he insisted upon knowing what it was in his discourse that made such an impression on his heart. "Ah! father," cried the peasant, "I never see you but I think of a venerable goat, which I lost at Easter. We were bred up together in the same family. He was the very picture of your reverence; one would swear you were brothers. Poor Bauduin! he died of a fall—rest his soul! I would willingly pay for a couple of masses to pray him out of purgatory."

SMOLLETT'S TRAVELS.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

HALIDON HILL.

WE revert with pleasure to our review of this transcendent production. Having, already expressed our high opinion of its merits, which are in every respect equal to the admired talent and eminent reputation of its author, it remains for us to present to our readers an extract or two, which may enable them to form their own estimate of its excellence.

"The subject," says the author in his advertisement, "is to be found in Scottish history; but not to overload so slight a publication with antiquarian research, or quotations from obscure chronicles, it may be sufficiently illustrated by the following passage from Pinkerton's History of Scotland:—

"The Governor (anno 1402) dispatched a considerable force under Murdac his eldest son; the Earls of Angus and Moray also joined Douglas, who entered England with an army of ten thousand men, carrying terror and devastation to the walls of Newcastle.

"Henry IV. was now engaged in the Welch war against Owen Glendour; but the Earl of Northumberland and his son, the Hotspur Percy, with the Earl of March, collected a numerous array, and awaited the return of the Scots, impeded with spoil, near Milfield, in the north part of Northumberland. Douglas had reached Wooler in his return; and perceiving the enemy, seized a stray post between the two armies, called Homildon Hill. In this method, he imitated his predecessor at the battle of Otterburn, but not with like success. The English advanced to the assault, and Henry Percy was about to lead them up the hill, when March caught his bridle, and advised him to advance no farther, but to pour the dreadful shower of English arrows into the enemy. This advice was followed with the usual fortune; for in all ages the bow was the English weapon of victory, and though the Scots, and, perhaps, the French, were superior in the use of the spear, yet this weapon was useless after the distant bow had decided the combat. Ro-

bert the Great, sensible of this at the battle of Banockburn, ordered a prepared detachment of cavalry to rush among the English archers at the commencement, totally to disperse them, and stop the deadly effusion. But Douglas now used no such precaution, and the consequence was, that his people drawn up on the face of the hill, presented one general mark to the enemy, none of whose arrows descended in vain. The Scots fell without fighting, and unrevengeed, till a spirited knight, Swinton, exclaimed aloud, 'O my brave countrymen! what fascination has seized you to day, that you stand like deer to be shot, instead of indulging your ancient courage, and meeting your enemies hand to hand? Let those who will descend with me, that we may gain victory, or life, or fall like men.' This being heard by Adam Gordon, between whom and Swinton there existed an ancient deadly feud, attended with the mutual slaughter of many followers, he instantly fell on his knees before Swinton, begged his pardon, and desired to be dubbed a knight by him whom he must now regard as the wisest and boldest of that order in Britain. The ceremony performed, Swinton and Gordon descended the hill, accompanied only by one hundred men; and a desperate valor led the whole body to death. Had a similar spirit been shewn by the Scottish army, it is probable that the event of the day would have been different. Douglas, who was certainly deficient in the most important qualities of a general, seeing his army begin to disperse, at length attempted to descend the hill; but the English archers, retiring a little, sent a flight of arrows so sharp and strong, that no armour could withstand; and the Scottish leader himself, whose panoply was of remarkable temper, fell under five wounds though none mortal. The English men-of-arms, knights, or squires, did not strike one blow, but remained spectators of the rout, which was now complete. Great numbers of Scots were slain, and near five hundred perished in the river Tweed upon their flight."

It may be proper to observe, that the scene of action has been transfered from Homildon to Halidon Hill. "For this," says the author of the Dramatic Sketch, "there was an obvious reason, for who would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle?" There are, however, several co-

incidences which may reconcile the severer antiquary to the substitution of Halidon Hill for Homildon. A Scottish army was defeated on both occasions, and under nearly the same circumstances of address on the part of the victors, and mismanagement on that of the vanquished, for the English long-bow decided the day in both cases. In both cases also a Gordon was left on the field of battle; at Halidon as at Homildon, the Scots were commanded by an ill-fated representative of the house of Douglas.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Scottish.

The Regent of Scotland, Gordon, Swinton, Lennox, Sutherland, Ross, Maxwell, Johnstone, Lindesay, (Scottish Chiefs and Nobles), Adam de Vipont, (a Knight Templar), The Prior of Maison-Dieu, Reyald, (Swinton's Squire), Hob Hatteley, (a Border Moss-Trooper), Heralds.

English.

King Edward III. Chandos, Percy, Ribault, (English and Norman Nobles), The Abbot of Walthamstow.

The following is extracted from Act II. Scene III. The back scene rises and discovers Swinton on the ground, Gordon supporting him, both much wounded.

SWINTON.

All are cut down—the reapers have pass'd o'er us,
And hie to distant harvest.—My toil's over;
There lies my sickle, [*dropping his sword*] hand of mine again
Shall never, never wield it!

GORDON.

O valiant leader, is thy light extinguis'd!
That only beacon-flame which promis'd safety
In this day's deadly wrack!

SWINTON.

My lamp hath long been dim; but thine, young Gordon,
Just kindled to be quench'd so suddenly,
Ere Scotland saw its splendour!

GORDON.

Five thousand horse hung idly on yon hill,
Saw us o'erpower'd, and no one stirr'd to aid us!
[*distant alarum*] Hark! in yonder shout
Did the main battles counter!

SWINTON.

Look on the field, brave Gordon, if thou can'st,
And tell me how the day goes.—But I guess,
Too surely do I guess.

GORDON.

All's lost! all's lost! Of the main Scottish host
Some wildly fly, and some rush wildly forward;
And some there are who seem to turn their spears
Against their countrymen.

SWINTON.

Rashness and cowardice, and secret treason,
Combine to ruin us; and our hot valor,
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,
More fatal unto friends than enemies!
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more on't.—
Let thy hand close them, Gordon—I will think
My fair-hair'd William renders me that service! [Dica.

GORDON.

And, Swinton, I will think I do that duty
To my dead father.

Enter DE VIPONT.

Fly, fly, brave youth! A handful of thy followers,
The scatter'd gleanings of this desperate day,
Still hover yonder to essay thy rescue.
O linger not! I'll be your guide to them.

GORDON.

Look there, and bid me fly! The oak has fallen,
And the young ivy-bush which learn'd to climb
By its support, must needs partake its fall.

VIPONT.

Swinton! alas! the best, the bravest, strongest,
And sagest of our Scottish chivalry!
Forgive one moment, if to save the living,
My tongue should wrong the dead. Gordon, bethink thee,
Thou dost but stay to perish with the corpse
Of him who slew thy father.

GORDON.

Ay, but he was my sire in chivalry.
He taught my youth to soar above the promptings
Of mean and selfish vengeance; gave my youth
A name that shall not die even on this death-spot;

Records shall tell this field had not been lost
Had all men fought like Swinton and like Gordon.

[Trumpets.]

Save thee, De Vipont—hark! the Southern trumpets.

VIPONT.

Nay, without thee I stir not.

Enter EDWARD, CHANDOS, PERCY, BALIOL, &c.

GORDON.

Ay, they come on, the tyrant and the traitor,
Workman and tool, Plantagenet and Baliol.
O for a moment's strength in this poor arm,
To do one glorious deed!

[He rushes on the English, but is made prisoner with VIPONT.]

KING EDWARD.

Disarm them—harm them not; though it was they
Made havoc on the archers of our vanguard,
They and that bulky champion. Where is he?

CHANDOS.

Here lies the giant! Say his name, young knight?

GORDON.

Let it suffice, he was a man this morning.

CHANDOS.

I question'd thee in sport. I do not need
Thy information, youth. Who that has fought
Through all these Scottish wars, but knows that crest,
The sable boar chain'd to the leafy oak,
And that huge mace still seen where war was wildest!

KING EDWARD.

'Tis Alan Swinton!
Grim Chamberlain, who in my tent at Weardale,
Stood by my startled couch with torch and mace,
When the black Douglas' war-cry wak'd my camp.

GORDON, [sinking down].

If thus thou know'st him,
Thou wilt respect his corpse.

KING EDWARD.

As belted knight and crowned king, I will.

GORDON.

And let mine
Sleep at his side, in token that our death
Ended the feud of Swinton and of Gordon.

KING EDWARD.

It is the Gordon!—Is there aught beside
Edward can do to honor bravery,
Even an enemy?

GORDON.

Nothing but this:

Let not base Baliol, with his touch or look,
Profane my corpse or Swinton's. I've some breath still,
Enough to say—Scotland—Elizabeth! [Dies.

THE STEAM-BOAT. By the Author of 'The Annals of the Parish,' 'The Ayrshire Legates,' 'Sir Andrew Wylie,' and 'The Provost.' 12mo. pp. 359. Edinburgh and London. 1822.

The talents of this respectable author again appear in their native excellence, commanding the admiration, while gratifying the taste, of his numerous readers. It is not long since we regretted the defects in "The Provost;" but our conviction that they arose from inattention rather than from inability, is abundantly justified. The author's fame is unimpaired; and his "Steam-Boat," adorned by the splendors of his genius, and enriched by the productions of his industry, shall bear additional renown through every channel of the literary world.

The present volume, consisting of narratives imagined to have been recited by various passengers on board the Steam-Boat, on its way from Glasgow to Greenock, exhibit a most extensive diversity of humor and of passion, of sentiment and of feeling; and a correctness of character, together with descriptions so natural and judicious, that we fancy ourselves in the conveyance, literally hearing each stranger deliver his interesting tale. Some of the sketches, which have previously appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, have been corrected and enlarged. There are upwards of twenty narratives; all of which are exactly such as the world is warranted to expect from so pleasing and so ingenious an author.

INFLUENCE; a Moral Tale for young people. By a Lady. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 501. London, 1822.

This work, the Preface modestly announces, "is from the pen of a young and inexperienced writer; that necessity was

its mother, and a sick room the school in which it was first reared." A consideration doubtless sufficient to soften the sternest critic into forbearance, if not to benignity. Not that the fair author has any reason to dread the eye of criticism, even in its nicest review. The above profession is by no means urged as a subterfuge for defects; on the contrary, it is evidently the unassuming avowal of genius, blended with humility. The work evinces a fine mind, consecrated to religious usefulness. The subjects are full of interest; the characters are drawn with admirable perspicuity and energy. The style is very pleasing; and as a work of imagination, the whole is written with a spirit and ability, (imparting instruction and delight) which, considering the circumstances of necessity and sickness already noticed, must astonish the reader, while his generosity cannot but sympathise with the suffering author.

We must defer any extracts till our next.

TALES OF THE DRAMA. By Miss Macauley. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. London, 1822.

The Tales, "founded on the tragedies of Shakspeare, Massinger, Shirly, Rowe, Murphy, Lillo, and More; and on the comedies of Steele, Farquhar, Cumberland, Bickerstaff, Goldsmith, and Mrs. Cowley," are intended "to change the acted drama to the more popular form of narrative, for the purpose of rendering the real beauties of the British stage more familiar and better known to the younger class of readers, and even of extending that knowledge to family circles, where the drama itself is forbidden." Such is the intention announced in the Preface; and "it has been an object with the authoress to preserve all the interest arising from dramatic concealment of the plot, even whilst rendering the story, in many instances, more intelligible;" and it has also been an important object "to render the whole strictly obedient to the most refined ideas of delicacy, subservient to the best purposes of morality, and conducive to the highest sense of religious awe, and love for a beneficent Providence." The work is therefore submitted to the public "in a confident hope, that it will yield both amusement and instruction," and "the Tales will speak for themselves."

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR AUGUST, 1822.

HIS most gracious Majesty repaired to Westminster, on Tuesday, the 6th of August, in the usual state, to prorogue both Houses of Parliament, after a long and most ardent session, the weight of which is supposed to have been too much for the mental feelings of the Marquis of Londonderry. On taking leave of his Sovereign, preparatory to his Majesty's departure to visit his Scottish dominions, he was observed to shew strong symptoms of anxiety and tremor, indicative of insanity. The King mentioned his apprehensions to the Duke of Wellington, who, previous to his departure from town (he being on the eve of embarking for the continent) wrote to Dr. Bankhead, entreating him to make some pretext to call on his lordship, if not sent for by him, Dr. B. being the favorite physician of the Marquis. He did so, administered some cooling medicines, and ordered cupping, which seemed to have a salutary effect, and Lord Londonderry went with the Marchioness to their favorite seat at North Cray, where the fatal catastrophe took place. Every weapon or instrument from which danger could be apprehended, was removed from the chamber; but his lordship rushing into a dressing-room adjoining, seized on a small penknife, and inflicted the fatal wound. He was just able to exclaim, "It is all over—support me, Bankhead!" when he fell into the arms of the alarmed gentleman, and expired in an instant. This melancholy event occurred on the 11th of the month, and on the 20th, the remains of this noble and unfortunate statesman was interred in the venerable abbey of Westminster. The procession entered at the north-door, and the grave, which is situated in the centre, has the monuments of Lord Chatham and the Earl of Mansfield on the one side, and those of the Duke of Newcastle and Sir Peter Warren on the other. His coffin lies on the right of Mr. Pitt's, and is close to it. A vast number of carriages belonging to the ministers, noblemen, and gentlemen, closed the funeral train. It is presumed, that the recent meetings

of the Cabinet Council relate to new ministerial arrangements, rendered necessary by the preceding lamentable event. Amongst a variety of reports, it is stated, that his Grace the Duke of Wellington, assisted by Lord Clanwilliam, will repair to Vienna, to attend the approaching congress; the former has very powerful interest in the Cabinet, which is aided by the strong partiality of the King; but the chief difficulty appears to us to be the supplying the vacuum in the House of Commons thus unfortunately made: it is stated, that the duties of the late Marquis in that House will be divided between Mr. Canning (who will not now proceed to India) and Mr. Peel; nothing decisive, however, has transpired, nor can we expect it, till after his Majesty's return from Scotland.

His Majesty landed at Leith on the 16th, and was attended by a numerous and brilliant procession to Edinburgh. Squadrons of the Scots Greys and Mid Lothian cavalry, were drawn up on each end of the platform, which was lined on both sides by parties of the Royal Archers and guards of the Highland clans in their national costume. The passage from the harbor to the platform was by a spacious flight of steps raised on a float moored close to the pier. The platform and steps were covered with scarlet, bordered with grey cloth; on the opposite pier was ranged the magistrates, the constables, and part of the trades of Cannongate, as superiors of North Leith. Above the drawbridge, which was raised up, were moored five of the London smacks decorated with flags, and their yards manned with hundreds of seamen, neatly and uniformly dressed in blue jackets and white trowsers, while the quays on both sides, from the entrance of the harbor to the royal platform, as well as all the windows and roofs of houses, overlooking the place of landing, were covered with multitudes of spectators, which rendered the whole scene very grand and impressive.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock, a gun from the royal yacht, announced that his Majesty had entered his barge; all the ships in the roads, joined with the batteries in firing royal salutes, and the air resounded with loyal and joyous acclamations from all quarters. The royal barge entered Leith harbor at a quarter past twelve, preceded by a barge conveying an admiral with a red flag. His Majesty sat on

the stern of the vessel; on his right hand was the Marquis of Conyngham, and on his left a naval officer of arms. The Marquis of Lothian received his Majesty at the bottom of the steps, and had the honor to kiss hands. The king, supported by the two noble Marquisses, ascended the platform, where he was received by Mr. M'c Tie, the senior magistrate of Leith, who addressed his Majesty in a speech appropriate to the occasion, to which he received a most gracious answer.

The King having received the congratulations and homage of the assembled noblemen and gentlemen, which he most condescendingly acknowledged, proceeded with a dignified step along the platform to the royal carriage, which he entered along with the Duke of Dorset and the Marquis of Winchelsea. It is an impossible task to describe the enthusiasm which burst forth at this moment from all ranks of people; the demonstrations appeared to give the highest satisfaction to the royal visitor. His Majesty was attired in a full naval uniform, and wore in his hat a national thistle and a sprig of heath; the King being seated in his carriage, which was an open landau, he rested for a few minutes conversing with the noblemen around him; the procession, which was on a grand scale and characteristic of the nation, then moved slowly forward. Several arches were raised across the streets, upon one of them was inscribed in gold letters, "*O Felicem Diem,*" and on the opposite side appeared the translation, "O Happy Day." Some of the arches, particularly the one across Constitution-street, were plenteously embellished with flowers, ribands, and loyal emblems.

The procession moved up Leith-walk, and about a quarter past one the King arrived at the city boundaries, where the magistrates in their robes were waiting to receive him. A Herald from Sir Patrick Walker, usher of the white rod, came forward and knocked thrice at the barrier gate, and required it to be opened in the King's name, when the demand was complied with in great form, and the Lord Provost made an address to his Majesty, and delivered to him the keys of the city on a velvet cushion; these the King received, but instantly returned them, saying, "I give you back these keys, being perfectly convinced they cannot remain in better hands than those of the Lord Provost." The royal carriage

reached Holyrood-house at half-past one, and was received by a number of noblemen and gentlemen who had formed part of the procession. Immediately a royal salute was fired from Salisbury-craigs, the Castle, and Calton-hill.

His Majesty quitted the palace for Dalkeith, a little after three o'clock, and as he stepped into his carriage, he called Lord Lyndoch to him, and expressed, in the hearing of many individuals, the great satisfaction he had experienced that day, and stated that he had never been more gratified in his life-time, particularly with the admirable arrangements that had been made. Notwithstanding the extent of the procession, and the immense concourse of people, not the slightest accident has reached our knowledge. The intelligence of the decease of the Marquis of Londonderry reached Edinburgh about two o'clock on Thursday, and was instantly communicated to the King by Mr. Peel, who received it with much emotion. A select party was to have dined with his Majesty on that day; they were instantly put off, and only two of the cabinet ministers, Lord Melville and Mr. Peel, had that honor.

Letters from Paris, lately received, contain chiefly articles of intelligence between the Turks and Greeks, and though the details are unimportant in themselves, they are so far interesting as to prove that the latter continue to combat with vigour and magnanimity for emancipation. The most serious fact stated is, that an expedition from St. Catherine's in Thessaly, commanded by Count Diamanti, had crossed the Gulf of Salusica and landed at Cassamira, a town, which it may be recollected, was last year taken by the Turks. Letters from Salusica, dated the 8th of July, state, that on this occasion the Greeks suddenly attacked Cassandra, carried the place by surprise, and put all the Ottoman garrison to the sword. Diamanti having since made some demonstrations against Salusica, the town has been thrown into a state of alarm, and the governor, who marched to assist Chouraschid Pascha, who is blockaded in Lavissa, has hastily returned. The Greeks are also said to have obtained possession of very considerable magazines in consequence of the surrender of Acropolis. The news stated in our last has now been confirmed from Rio Janerio and Pernambuco, announcing the independent sentiments of the people, and adding, that al-

though no actual declaration of independance has been made, yet that, virtually, the Brazils were no longer under the control of the mother country.

Accounts from Bermuda state, that the Governor, Sir William Lumley, has been recalled, and is on his way from that place to England. As for Spain, the various journals assert that the army of Faith (as it is there profanely called) has been in various instances successful in opposing the Patriots, which in reality, is not the case. It is with pleasure we find that patriotic addresses are transmitting from every part of Spain, expressing their sincerest attachment to the Constitution, and their joy at the defeat of the infamous designs of the insurgents; these addresses also duly appreciate the conduct of some of the foreign courts towards Spain, whose politics seem to be well understood. The King of Spain has ordered 85,000 men of the Provincial Militia to be called into actual service, and the whole force that will soon be embodied will amount to 115,000 men; this ample army will be sufficient to suppress an insurrection wherever it is found to exist, and to form an open cordon on the frontiers. Our correspondent from Warsaw writes—That Alexander, the Emperor of the Russia, is expected in that city about the middle of September at the latest, or probably in a shorter space of time.—The King of Prussia will arrive much about the same period with his Serene Highness the Duke of Modena; the sovereigns and their illustrious colleagues will ultimately proceed to Vienna, where the congress is to be held. The accounts gathered from Turkey are still revolting to humanity; the Janissaries, after the festival of the Ramadan, have had recourse to their usual atrocities at Constantinople; they have there indulged in additional scenes of blood, and hundreds of unarmed unoffending individuals have been sacrificed to the cowardly cruelty of their assassins. They even attacked the baths heretofore held sacred, even by these barbarians, and violated the helpless females, and this under the eyes of government. The proceedings at Colmar have terminated in a manner the French government by no means anticipated.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE whole of the interior of this theatre has been pulled down, even to the bare walls, for the purpose of contracting the area assigned to what is called the general audience. The boxes in future are to contain only nine persons, instead of thirteen, and they are so arranged as to be family, but not private, ones. It is impossible for us to form a probable judgment as to the intended alterations, yet, of course, it may fairly be presumed, that the public will derive much advantage in the essential departments of seeing and hearing. We also learn, that Drury is likely to revive its best days. Miss Stephens is already engaged, and this delightful syren, with Braham, will be a host in opera. Other favorite performers are on the new list, and the stage management is to be confided to Mr. T. Dibdin, a certain pledge of an active, enterprising season.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE Marriage of Figaro, has several times been repeated at this house, to introduce to the public Miss Paton, in the character of Susanna. To a graceful exterior, and highly polished manners, this young lady adds considerable *naivete*, and discovers an intimacy with stage manners, not frequent with *débutantes*; she played the part with great spirit; and her talents are estimable both as a vocalist and an actress.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THIS theatre was opened for one night, on the 5th of August, for the benefit of the wife, seven children, and an aged father and mother, rendered destitute by the death of the late favorite actor, Mr. Emery. The play was *The Rivals*, and never did we see this admirable comedy better performed. After the representation, Mr. Bartley, delivered with

great feeling, an address written for the occasion, by George Colman, esq. whose ready muse had not been invoked in vain to aid merit in indigence. A selection of vocal and instrumental music followed, and the evening closed with the *petite* opera of *Belles without Beaux*, performed by the company of the English Opera House, Mr. Arnold having, with the most unexampled liberality, closed the doors of his own theatre, and sent the company to assist in this work of beneficence. We are given to understand, the produce of the benefit was a clear £700, and that the private subscription is rapidly increasing.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

"GORDON, or the Gipsy," an operatic kind of melo-drama, has been introduced at this favorite summer establishment.—The story turns on the relentless rancour Gordon bears towards the Camerons; Gordon's father was once the Laird of Drummond's-keep, and its dependent soil; but having embarked in an unfortunate conspiracy, he was stamped with the name of rebel and his property confiscated. Cameron, who had distinguished himself in the royal cause, was rewarded with the castle, from which the original family was driven to wander in exile. Cameron, however, did not feel at home in his new residence, till the old governor, who had been his friend, was out of the way; accordingly, he contrived to get him into his power, and while bearing him in his boat over the lake, on whose rocky brow the castle stood, he consigned him to a watery grave: from that moment he is haunted by remorse, which conjures up a phantom ever beheld at moonlight on the blue waters. He bars up every avenue and encloses within the walls his neice, an old nurse, and a black servant. It had once also held his son Allen, but the youth left the country at an early age, and had not since been heard of. Fearful of enemies, he allows only one mode of access to the castle: a boat was moored to the rock, a basket was then let down from the tower by pullies, and the visitor was obliged to ascend through a trap-door into an upper chamber. Gordon, soon after the downfall of his house, joined a band of gipsies; he speedily obtained the command of them, and led them to pursue such enormities that they became the terror of the

neighborhood. Gordon resolved to personate the lost Allen for a double purpose—to murder Cameron and secure the person of Alice, with whom he had become enamoured. He watched Cameron home one night, and gained possession of the mysteries by which the keep, or strong hold, was entered. He used the signal, and effected an entrance, under the garb of Allan, whom he resembled. Sixteen years had passed since Allan was missed; and the father received Gordon as his son, and Alice knew not to the contrary; but the old nurse, who had suckled both the infant Cameron and Gordon, when the families were friends, knew the latter by a dislocated wrist. She acquaints her master with the discovery, but cannot gain his credit, so wrapt is he in the belief that the young man is his son. The latter repairs to the couch assigned him, when the old nurse, regarding him as the deadly foe of her protectors, resolved to assassinate him, but the design is frustrated by Gordon awaking, and a scuffle ensues which arouses the family, and soon after a file of soldiers appear in quest of the outlaw, but by the aid of Cameron he affects his escape through the trap-door, and is hotly pursued. After misleading the soldiers, he returns to the keep, where he forces away Alice and Cameron. The latter he hurries into a boat, and rows him to the spot where his own father had been entombed, and while in the act of avenging that deed on his betrayer, the soldiers fire on them and both perish together. Such are the slight materials that have been worked up into no very effective melo-drama. Mr. T. Cooke played the Gipsy in a powerful manner, and Broadhurst was loudly encored in two Scottish songs; Cameron was also well portrayed by Rowbotham; the piece was well received, and has been repeated every evening with great success.

Gil Blas in youth, middle age, and the stately minister of fifty-two, has also been brought forward at this theatre, under what the author of the comedy appears to think a bright idea; we intreat his pardon for dissenting from him. Much disapprobation was evinced on the first evening of representing this curious piece, but it has since been judiciously curtailed. It is chiefly supported by Miss Kelly's excellent acting and vocal abilities. Some of the songs are excellent and in good taste.





Fashionable Walking & Dinner Dresses for Sept.

Invented by Miss Tierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. Sept. 1, 1862, by Dean & Munday, Broadhurst Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1822.

DINNER DRESS,

OF green *gros de Naples*; the trimming at the bottom composed of white satin and *tulle*, ornamented at the divisions with bunches of flowers. The body is cut moderately long, with a cape from the shoulder to the bottom of the waist, terminating in a point, and finished with full trimming. The sleeves are cut long and tight to the arm. With this dress is worn a fancy apron, ornamented with a tasteful round trimming. For the head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers, with a spray of pearls in front; the hair in full curls upon the forehead. Pearl necklace and ear-rings to correspond. White kid gloves and shoes.

WALKING DRESS,

COMPOSED of light blue *tulle*, ornamented with two rows of pink figured trimming, and finishing at the bottom with a large scallop. The skirt is cut long, and very much gored, so as to make the body and skirt appear in one, and confined at the bottom of the waist with a red morocco girdle, fastened with a gold buckle on the right side. The sleeve is finished at the top with a cape epaulette worked to correspond with the bottom of the dress. Bracelets to match with the girdle. A transparent bonnet, composed of blue *tulle* and white satin; the crown ornamented with flowers.

Limerick gloves and boots to correspond.

The above elegant dresses were furnished by MISS PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Most of the fashionable world being now out of town, there is little novelty in our description of dresses for the present month. We have, nevertheless, as usual, been favored with the inspection of several, from which we make the following selection:—

A FULL DRESS,

Of sky-blue crape; the body composed of straps of blue satin, edged with white, and crossed in diamonds, each diamond fastened with a pearl ornament; the sleeve is short, and formed with straps, the same as the body, finished with a wristband, and edged with Urling's lace, nearly touching the elbow. The skirt is full, and very much gored; it is considerably longer behind than has been hitherto worn. The bottom is finished with a trimming to correspond with the body and sleeves, nearly a quarter of a yard in depth, which forms a very elegant appearance. This dress is worn over a white satin slip, and confined at the waist with a broad belt, fastened with a pearl ornament. Head-dress of pearls, and blue and white feathers. White kid gloves and shoes.

Spencers are, for the most part, composed of a pale pink satin, covered with Kensington figured lace; the waist is cut a moderate length, with a small point behind, edged with lace. The collar is cut round in small points, and edged with the same material. Epaulette and cuffs to correspond.

We are indebted to Mrs. Blundell, of Ludgate-street, for the following:—

The most fashionable

MORNING DRESS,

is composed of jaconaut muslin, let in at the bottom with work in the form of a shell, and filled up with a transparency of net. The body high, fastened behind with bows; a shell collar, and the epaulettes and cuffs to correspond with the skirt.

WALKING-DRESS,

Of a French blue rich figured silk, ornamented at the bottom with a full trimming of the same material in the form

of a double bell, three rows slantingly up the skirt, and the top one fastened with a handsome ornament. The body ornamented with bands, small at the waist, and spreading gradually to the shoulders. A fashionable square collar made to lie down. The tops of the sleeves cut up in divisions, and a treble belt let in each; cuffs to match. Kid shoes of the same color, and lemon-colored gloves.

Small cottage bonnets, of white figured *gros de Naples*, ornamented with feathers and flounces, are most fashionable.

EVENING DRESS.

Over a pale pink satin slip is worn an elegant embroidered gauze dress, with a trimming at bottom composed of blond-lace and silver; the body and sleeves richly ornamented with silver. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

Scotland being the great point of attraction at the present moment, we are convinced the following will be highly acceptable to our numerous and fair readers:—

On Tuesday, the 20th of August, his Majesty held a Drawing-Room at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. After a lapse of nearly two centuries, this ancient edifice, where often “feasted the chiefs of Scotland’s power,” became again the centre of splendour and chivalrous gaiety. The gentlemen were mostly in military dresses; but the ladies outshone all, and never appeared to greater advantage. The Scottish ladies are in general taller than the ladies of England, and their rich plumes of ostrich feathers were exhibited with superior effect. The dresses were mostly composed of white satin, with spangled under robe, tastefully ornamented with a profusion of lama. There were few or no national badges, and only one or two ladies were arrayed in the Highland costume. A great many wore blue, and a few, green and yellow, with their characteristic features expressing intelligence rather than beauty, and the elderly ones having, according to the almost universal appearance of the gentlewomen of Scotland, the two curves edging in their mouths, as in a parenthesis. Their demeanor was highly characteristic, when, even to demureness, they proceeded toward the state apartments without a movement of the eyes or a smile on the countenance; and we doubt not his Majesty was as much struck by their native modesty, as he had been by the sober,

yet sincere, loyalty of the people. In fact, the daughters of Caledonia certainly had a very charming and interesting appearance. It is not possible for any one who is removed out of the vortex, to imagine or figure out the sensation amongst the fair creation, from the titled dame down to the baillie's, and even the burgher's, wife, which this long anticipated drawing-room has occasioned. There were about 3,000 persons at Court, and the novel appearance of so splendid an assemblage at Holyrood Palace, was extremely gratifying to the Northern lovers of Court-ceremonies and Royal etiquette.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

SOME of our *élégantes* wear dresses of white muslin, with rose-colored stripes; others, robes of turtle-colored muslin, with Persian designs in *brun solitaire*. The sleeves of these robes are wide and short, and extremely puffed out. The waists are generally long, and very much compressed.

Bonnets of gauze, with light blue or cherry-colored trimmings, are much admired on the promenades; but at the theatres and places of public amusement, white gauze is still more in favor. Two courses of gauze, a little raised on a *rouleau* of gauze, filleted down from space to space, are the general decorations of gauze bonnets. Rosettes of rose or straw color, sometimes composed of carnations, and at other times of geraniums, are the flowers most in request for the decoration of bonnets. Knots of gauze, and straw tresses, are occasionally observed; but much more frequently ripe ears of corn supersede flowers. For a gauze knot to be entirely *comme il faut*, the two double rosettes should be flattened out at the extremities, and represent something like the sails of a windmill. When the gauze, indeed, is striped, as is sometimes the case, the resemblance is perfect. But ears of corn are not confined to knots of white gauze; they are remarked in union with gauze of rose, cherry, and azure color.

Although Indian red and *vert esperance* (or green hope) are the prevailing colors, light blue is sometimes seen, blue *foncé rose*, and orange yellow.

The colors most in vogue for ladies shoes, whether Morocco or otherwise, are sea-green, *gris de lin*, or lavender.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



EXTRACT

FROM THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

SHE ceased—upon the green hill's brow
A cloud of dust is gathering now :
Hark! through the light air echoing loud
The murmurs of a mingled crowd,
Onward the tumult rolls—'tis near—
They listen, mute with breathless fear :
Is it the lordly Roman's car,
The pomp and pageantry of war,
Where Zion's sons must swell the train,
Of foes their inmost souls disdain?
Or those bold warriors—wild, yet free—
The rebel bands of Galilee?
No—they are brethren—and that cry
Is the grand shout of victory ;
'Tis high Hosanna's loud acclaim,
'Tis royal David's honored name.
And now they wind the steep descent—
The glance, in swift inquiry bent,
Wander'd o'er all, but fixed on one—
Circled by numbers, yet alone.
Robed in the garb of poverty,
Nor king, nor priest, nor warrior he ;
Yet—why they know not—in his mein
A latent loftiness was seen :
A more than mortal majesty,
That daunted while it fixed the eye.

The countless throng that round him pressed,
To him their songs of praise address'd ;
Not thus had Abram's seed ador'd,
A heathen chief—an earthly lord.
They come—they meet—but, ere they past.
One gracious, pitying look he cast
On that pale mourner—marked her tear,
And bade her “ weep not;”—to the bier
He turned—but, ere he spoke his will,
Each trembled with a sudden thrill
Of conscious awe—the train stood still!

The mourner—speechless and amazed,
On that mysterious stranger gazed,
If young he were, 'twas only seen
From lines that told what once had been;—
As if the withering hand of Time
Had smote him ere he reached his prime.
The bright rose on his cheek was faded,
His pale fair brow with sadness shaded—
Yet through the settled sorrow there
A conscious grandeur flashed—which told
Unswayed by man, and uncontrolled,
Himself had deigned their lot to share,
And borne—because he willed to bear.
Whate'er his being or his birth,
His soul had never stooped to earth;
Nor mingled with the meaner race,
Who shared or swayed his dwelling-place:
But high—mysterious—and unknown,
Held converse with itself alone:
And yet the look that could depress
Pride to its native nothingness;
And bid the specious boaster shun
The eye he dared not gaze upon,
Superior love did still reveal—
Not such as man for man may feel—
No—all was passionless and pure—
That godlike majesty of woe,
Which counts its glory to endure—
And knows nor hope nor fear below;
Nor aught that still to earth can bind,
But love and pity for mankind.

And in his eye a radiance shone—
Oh! how shall mortal dare essay,
On whom no prophet's vest is thrown,
To paint that pure celestial ray?
Mercy, and tenderness, and love,
And all that finite sense can deem
Of him who reigns enthron'd above;—
Light—such as blest Isaiah's dream,
When to the awe-struck Prophet's eyes,
God bade the star of Judah rise—
There heaven in living lustre glowed—
There shone the Saviour—there the God.
Oh ye—to whom the dying Lord
Your sorrows—not his own—deplored:
Thou, on whose guilt the Saviour cast
A look of mercy—'twas his last:
Ye—who beheld when Jesus died,
Say ye—for none can tell beside,
How matchless grace, and love divine,
In that immortal glance would shine.
And she too felt and owned its power
To soothe in that despairing hour;
Her pulse beat quick—and to her heart
A ray of rapture seemed to dart:—
The cloud that hung upon her brow
Wore off—and all was comfort now;—
And why? she thought not on the dead—
Her sight on him was riveted,
Whose look such peace and glory shed:
So the wan captive, o'er whose cell
No solitary sunbeam fell;
When years and years have lingered by,
Restored to light and liberty,
Fixes his first enraptured gaze
Upon the bright sun's living rays.
'Short space he stood'—his lifted eyes
To heaven a moment raised—he spoke—
These words the solemn silence broke:
"Young man, I say to thee, arise!"

SONNET.

How sweet along the private haunt to stray,
To trace the step of one we dearly prize!
To gaze upon the flower that oft has met
The eye which most we love! One image fills
The heart; and song of birds, or sighing gale,
Or quivering leaf, or scent of op'ning bud,
With fragrant show'r, or morning dews still wet,
Bending its head beneath the fragrant flood;
All that we touch or see, or erst inhale,
One sweet sensation gives, the bosom thrills,
Wakes the fond glist'ning tear, the blissful sigh,
And while each meaner passion fades away,
And purer thoughts to virtue sacred rise
The world and all its empty pleasures fly.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.
(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

'Twas midnight, and across the wave
The moon's uncertain light was gleaming,
When in the sands they dug his grave,
With heavy hearts, and eye-lids streaming.
"Lay me," he cried, while yet the glow
Of life upon his cheek was playing,
"Upon the beach, where, soft and slow,
Her gentle step is sometimes straying.

"Cast me not in the 'whelming deep,
('Tis many a sailor's grave of sorrow)
When life has fled, the cold frame keep,
You'll surely touch at home to-morrow.
I know the wish is vain and weak,
Yet will it soothe the soul in dying,
To think in pity she may seek
The lonely sand where I am lying.

" May mourn the heart her falsehood broke,
A heart that ne'er repin'd at breaking ;
But still with fondness would invoke
The image that but kept it aching.
Tell her the tress that once she gave,
Still serv'd to fan life's dying embers,
Alas ! how soft I've seen it wave,
Too well this wounded heart remembers.

" Tell her, as it has shared the years
Of various woe that fate decreed me,
And every night been bath'd in tears,
When none were by to hear or heed me ;
So has it shar'd the last sad home,
Where all my pilgrimages ended,—
I cease to sigh, I cease to roam,
And die as I have liv'd—unfriended !

" Tell her, I never lov'd her less
For all the weary hours she's giv'n,
That still in danger and distress,
I thought of her, and then of heav'n.
That 'mid the pray'rs and pangs of death,
I never from her image parted,
And that her name was on my breath,
When the last bleeding life-string started !"

Rude were the hearts that had not wept,
Or had denied his simple prayer,
With favoring winds their course they kept,
Then sought the beach and laid him there.
And as the sands for ever hid
That mute, cold form from earthly view,
A tear hung bright on every lid,
For one so sadly, fondly true !

THE DESERTED MOTHER.

By T. B. G.

SLEEP on, my poor William, thy father is gone ;
He left me in danger, he left me alone ;
But my God in my danger was kinder than he,
And sav'd me, and sent me a comfort in thee.

O would but one moment thy father could view
 In my boy, when he wakes, his own sweet eyes of blue!
 One glance of his features descended to thee,
 Would touch him, my child, and would turn him to me.

He never shall know, yet I know he would care,
 Could he see how I labor, and think how I fare;
 Yet the food of affliction is useful to me,
 And my labor is light, for I labor for thee.

Sleep on, my sweet William, thy father may stray,
 The wiles of the guilty have lur'd him away;
 Yet dearly I lov'd him, and ne'er can I be
 Forgetful of one who is father of thee.

Yes, still must I love him, and still must I pray
 For him whom the wanton has tempted away;
 To me was he cruel,—how kind could I be,
 Would he come back in love to my baby and me.

She started, she turn'd, for a sob met her her ears,
 Behind her a seaman was standing in tears;
 She wept on his neck, and she wept on her knee;
 " 'Tis my William return'd to my baby and me."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A VALUED FRIEND, WITH A CORD PURSE OF HER
 OWN MAKING, BY A YOUNG FEMALE.

THE warrior claims the laurel wreath,
 Love smiling weaves the myrtle bough,
 The minstrel wears the ivy crown,
 The bay enwreaths the poet's brow.

The laurel blooms in fields of fight,
 'Tis water'd oft by widow's tears;
 The myrtle, though its hue be bright,
 Is blighted oft by hopes and fears;—

And soon the ivy fades in death,
 With hands which sweetly swept the strings,
 And Winter's chill, relentless breath,
 To deck the tomb her bright bay brings.

But there's a wreath which ne'er shall fade,
And flow'rs which ne'er shall change their hue,
The tribute which to worth is paid,
Which unto thee, lov'd friend, is due.

Then Clara dear, this trifle take,
For thee design'd by Julia's hands,
And keep it ever for her sake,
Who now the gentle boon demands.

TOM, JERRY, AND LOGIC.

IMPROMPTU.

Tom, Jerry, and Logic, put up at some house,
Where they gave them for dinner a brace of fine grouse ;
Tom begg'd that friend Logic the birds would *divide*,
So he kept *one* himself, and push'd *one* to their side.
" Why how's this?" said Tom, " you don't call this quite fair?
At all events, Logic, you've got the best share."
" *It's all right*," said Logic, " which you must agree to,
" For there's one for *you two*, and here's one for *me too*."

J. M. LACKY.

ENIGMA.

To happy lovers lovers I'm the best of friends,
But shunn'd whene'er the fond delusion ends ;
The guilty from me, as a spectre, fly,
When duty bids me hint that all must die.
The maid whose many charms have fail'd to win
A husband, and, alas! must soon begin
To number wrinkles, where each dimpled grace
Was wont to play around her lovely face,
Would hate me—but that with gentle art,
I softly whisper in her ear—" The heart
Is never old," and tell how many fair
Of charms mature have spread the tender snare,
And snatch'd triumphantly the tender prize,
Which 'scap'd unseath'd the fire of youthful eyes.
By scholars I am cherish'd, and by friends held dear,
For I the pangs of absence often cheer;

Yet sometimes when adversity pursues
 E'en friends all intercourse with me refuse.
 Of joys and griefs I treasure up a store.—
 To find me out 'tis needless to say more.

D. E.

Marriages.

At St. Martin's in the Fields, B. Golding, M.D. to Sarah Pelerin, only daughter of Wm. Blen, Esq. of Warwick street, Pall Mall. At Cork, Major Rutledge, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, to Mrs. Henry Graham, sister of Major Gen. Sir John Lambert, K. C. B. Wm. Mackenzie, esq. of the 3d Dragoon Guards, to Justina, daughter of W. Anderson, esq. of Russel-square. At Mary-le-bone, C. Derby, esq. only son of C. Derby, esq. of Guildford-street, to Frances Harriet, eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Lady Drummond. Dr. R. Bright, of Bloomsbury-square, to Martha Lyndon, daughter of Dr. Babington, Aldermanbury. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. John Russell to Miss Coussmaker, niece to Lord and Lady de Clifford. At Hackney, Capt. Heavy-side to Miss Snaith. John Bayley, esq. eldest son of the Hon. Justice Bayley, to Charlotte Mary, second daughter of the late J. M. Factor, esq. Dover. Wm. Heath Petch, esq. of Red Lion Square, to Miss Phillips, eldest daughter of Sir Richard Phillips, of Bridge-street, London. At Swineshead, Mr. J. Westaby to Mrs. Barrows.

Deaths.

At Midenbury House, near Southampton, much regretted, Hannah, the wife of Michael Hoy, esq. In Welbeck-street, Lady Blair, wife of Lieut. Gen. Sir Rob. Blair, K. C. B. In Silvester-row, Hackney, aged 74, Mr. W. Butler, an eminent writing master, &c. In Albemarle-street, the Hon. Mrs. Lane Fox, widow of the late James L. Fox, esq. M. P. of Braham Park, Yorkshire. Miss Grounds, daughter of the late Jeremiah Grounds, esq. of Wisbeach, St. Mary's. At Southwell, Miss Plowman, aged 69.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received—The communication of J. C.—Annette,—R. K—tt,—E. B. G.—I, S. D.—S. T.—W. W.—Sketches, &c.—Monody,—Caution, a tale,—Parody,—Lover's Adieu.—N. versus M.—The Crutch,—Gleanings,—Strictures on B.—Reflections on a Summer Evening,—Translation from the Greek,—J^r U. A.

W. N. will find the information he wishes in Dugdale's Monasticon.

We are obliged to Z. for his caution.

* * shall hear from us in a few days.

A line shall be sent at the publishers for J. H. in the course of the month, containing the information he requires,

We are requested to ask Fidelia to point out one of the compositions of "The Old Woman," as two persons have written under that signature.





Drawn & Engraved by J. Cockburn.

Marquis of Londonderry.

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